

No. M. 419. 196



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TEMPERANCE

PICTORIAL

SONGSTER.



TEMPERANCE

PICTORIAL SONGSTER.

x x M. 419. 196

BY ASA FITZ.

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PHILADELPHIA :
NATHAN MOORE, 3 CARPENTER'S BUILDINGS,
North Eighth Street.

1843.

6280

Dr. R. P. Bigelow
June 9, 1942

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NATHAN MOORE,
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District of Pennsylvania.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

POETRY BY S. WOODWORTH.—MUSIC BY G. KIALLMARK.

{ How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
 { The or-chor-d, the meadow, the deep tan-gled

The old oak-en buck-et, the i - ron-bound

childhood, When fond re-col-lec-tion presents to my view, }
 wildwood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew ; }

bucket, The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

{ The wide-spre-ading pond, and the mill which stood
 { The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house

near it, The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell, }
nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well. }

- 2 The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
- 3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips ;
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.



O! JOY TO THEE!

MRS. DANA.

To the preceding air.

- 1 O! joy to thee! joy to thee! daughter of sorrow!
 Attune thy sweet voice to a rapturous lay;
 The bright sun is rising to cheer thee to-morrow,
 And night's gloomy darkness is fleeing away;
 The friend of the friendless, the life of the dying,
 The joy of the heart-broken mourner is he.
 Now praises for weeping, and gladness for sighing,
 And garments of praise he is offering to thee.
- 2 Come, mourners, and bathe in the life-giving waters
 Which ever are springing exhaustless and pure;
 Now banish your sorrows, Jerusalem's daughters,
 Here, peaceful and safe, you may dwell evermore.
 Here's beauty and glory, all glory excelling,
 The Father's bright image express'd in the Son!
 All mercy and peace in the Saviour is dwelling,
 And they must be blest whom he claims as his own.

*Key of C.***Round for two Voices.**

$\frac{2}{4}$ ^{1st Voice.} 8 | 5 5 | 3 5 | 1 1 | 1 5 | 8 8 | 8 8 | 5 5 | 5
~~4~~ The lilies of the field, That quickly fade a - way,

^{2d Voice.} 5 | 3 3 | 3 3 | 1 3 | 5 5 | 3 3 | 5 5 | 1 1 | 1 ||
 May well to us a lesson yield, Who die as soon as they.

MORNING BELLS.*Key of C.**Round for four Voices.*

$\frac{2}{4}$ 1 3 | 5 5 | 3 5 | 8 8 | 8 5 | 8 8 8 | 5 5 | 3 3 ||
~~4~~ Morning bells I love to hear, Ringing merrily loud and clear.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

TUNE—" *What fairy like music.*"

Our Father in heaven we hallow thy name,
 May thy kingdom holy
 On earth be the same.
 O give to us daily
 Our portion of bread,
 It is from thy bounty,
 That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to
 know,
 That humble compassion
 That pardons each foe.
 Save us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin ;
 And thine be the glory,
 For ever, Amen,



THE ROBIN.

WE shall first introduce to our reader the Robin, which is at once among the most familiar and best beloved of all our birds. No sooner has the snow departed, than his cheerful voice is heard among the trees. He is so eager to return to the place of his birth, that he often comes to New England before the season of Spring is quite established, and is sometimes obliged to retire for shelter from snow storms, to the forests of New Jersey and Long Island.

The Robin builds his nest on an apple tree, plasters it on the inside with mud, and lines it with fine grass. His principal food consists of berries, worms, and caterpillars. He is particularly partial to the berries of the sour gum. Wherever there is one of these trees covered with fruit, if there happen to be any Robins in the neighbourhood, the sportsman can find occupation for almost the whole day on a single spot.

When berries fail, they disperse themselves over the fields and along the fences in search of worms and insects. Sometimes they appear in great numbers. In January,

1807, two young men in a single excursion shot thirty dozen. In the midst of a general destruction of them, which at that time was extended through the states, some humane person took advantage of a little circumstance to put a stop to it. The fruit called poke-berries, when mellowed by the frost, forms a favourite repast of the Robin. Their juice is of a beautiful crimson, and gives a deep colour to the whole stomachs of the birds. A paragraph appeared in the papers, intimating that these berries were poisonous, and that several persons had suffered by eating Robins that had fed upon them. The strange appearance of the birds seemed to confirm this account, and they were permitted to fly about during the rest of the season, without finding any one willing to trouble them.

The Robin is one of our earliest songsters, and his notes are universally known and beloved. He is gentle and confiding, almost always seeking shelter for his young in summer, and subsistence for himself in winter, near the habitations of men. His nest is held sacred even by the truant school-boy, who would exult in plundering a jay or a cat-bird. With the exception of the mocking-bird, there is no native bird which is so frequently domesticated, agrees better with confinement, or sings in that state more pleasantly than the Robin.

This bird is found throughout all North America. It measures nine inches and a half in length, with the upper parts of the body black, and the breast of a dark orange. It retires from New England about the month of November, and takes up its residence for the winter in the more southern states. It belongs to the numerous tribe of thrushes, and is only found in America.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love; His mercy brightens All the
 path in which we rove, Bliss he wakes, and
 woe he lightens, God is wis-dom, God is love.

- 2 Time and change are busy ever,
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy changeth never,
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the mist his goodness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with early cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

SOUND THE LOUD TRUMPET.

Sound the loud trumpet, o'er freedom's glad shore,
 Intemperance is conquered, its triumphs are o'er.
 Sing, for the power of the venter is broken,
 And habits, and customs, with sorrow allied.
 How sad was their doings! The Lord hath but spoken,
 And all are o'erthrown, in the midst of their pride.
 Fly, ye swift heralds, to publish the story,
 Let all join, and hasten the news to proclaim.
 For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
 And drinkers and sellers are covered with shame.

Sound the sweet tidings o'er island and sea,
 The truth has its triumph! the drinkers are free,
 And the venders convinced, their hearts now relenting,
 No more will, for money, the vile poison sell;
 And the prodigal son, his errors repenting,
 At home, with his parents, in comfort shall dwell.
 Hark! hear the glad song the people are raising:
 "Good will to mankind, to the whole world sweetest peace,
 Thou hast blest us, O Lord; 'tis thy grace we're praising,
 The grace that has caused intemperance to cease.

T. P. H.

TUNE—"Watchman, tell us of the night."

- 1st voice.—Temperance! tell the listening world
 What thy advocates have done;
 2d voice.—Hearken! now the tyrant's hurl'd
 From his high despotic throne.
 1st v. Temperance! will thy beams alone
 Gild the spot which gave thee birth?
 2d v. Other climes its sway shall own,
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth!
 1st v. Temperance! then I'll be thy child;
 For I love thy sacred name;
 2d v. Yes—thy voice and influence mild
 Can the wildest passion tame.
 All Temperance! we will shout thy praise,
 We no more will leave thy band;
 Joyful now our anthems raise
 In ev'ry clime and ev'ry land.

TEMPERANCE CALL.

TUNE—"The Schoolmaster."

Come, ye children, learn to sing; Temperance

CHORUS. Cheerily, readily, come a - long; Sign the

songs are just the thing: Tune your voi - ces

pledge, and sing the song.

make them ring—They'll give life a cheer-ful spring.

D. C.

- 2 Blooming youth, come sing the song,
Tune your lips, the strains prolong;
Sit not by the wine too long,
Grief and wo to it belong. Cheerily, &c.
- 3 Lovely maid, the call obey,
Tune your lips, and keep away
From the tyrant's awful sway,
And be not the bibber's prey. Cheerily, &c.
- 4 Anxious parent, hear the call;
See! your children, great and small,
Come to you with loudest call—
Sign the pledge, and save them all. Cheerily, &c.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

To the preceding air.

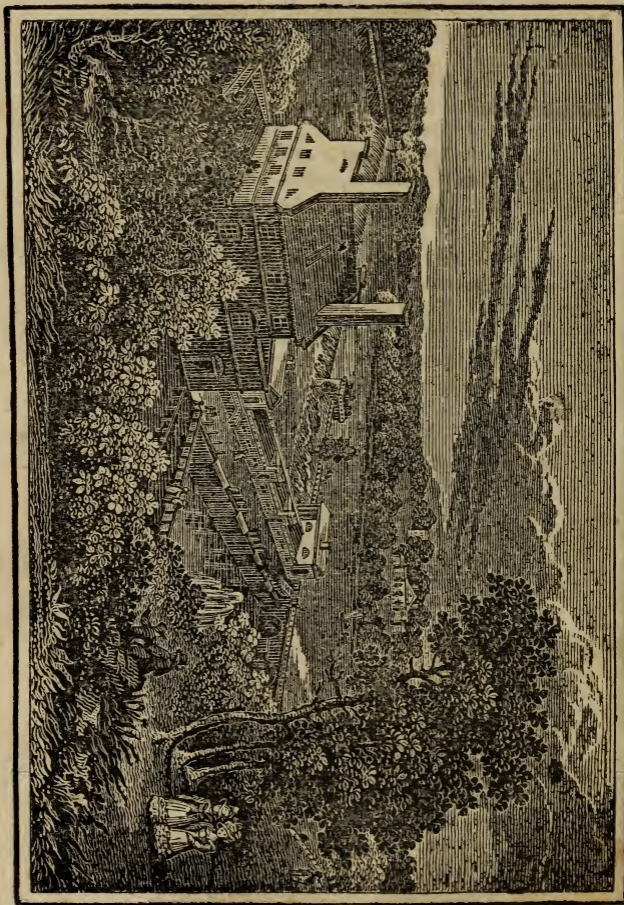
- 1 RAISE your banner high in air,
Write *Cold Water*—write it there ;
Let its folds be wide unfurl'd,
Let it float o'er all the world—
Temperance banner—raise it high,
Let it flap against the sky !

- 2 March, reformers, march ye on,
Soon the battle will be won ;
Soon the last poor staggering soul,
Will have turn'd—or found his goal :
Press, reformers, press ye on,
Cease not, till the battle's won !

- 3 See, yon star is rising high,
Hope is bending from the sky ;
See yon rainbow bending o'er
Ireland's lately deluged shore ;
See, her star is rising high,
Hope is bending from the sky !

- 4 Hark ! I hear yon spirits cry,
Come and see us—for we die ;
Brandy, Rum, and Gin are dead,
Wine and Beer have, frighten'd, fled,
And the very winds reply,
Alcohol shall surely die !

- 5 Raise your banner, raise it high,
Let it flap against the sky ;
Let the world adoring see,
Temperance—Truth, and Liberty—
Temperance banner—raise it high,
Let it flap against the sky !



FAIR MOUNT WATERWORKS.

The above cut represents the scenery at the Schuylkill, where the river is dammed up, and the water raised into reservoirs holding nearly 25,000,000 gallons. The water is raised by means of a self operating power, which carries a large water-wheel and forces the water up through pipes to the top of the reservoirs. The water is then cleansed by passing through sand from one reservoir into another, until it is perfectly pure, when it is carried off by pipes, amounting in their aggregate length to more than one hundred miles through Philadelphia and its suburbs. The daily consumption is more than four millions of gallons. These works cost nearly half a million of dollars. The scenery at Fairmount is most romantic and beautiful. There is a large public house for the accommodation of visitors, while near it you behold the fountains at play, imaged Dolphins throwing up water from their snouts, Fairy Goddesses presiding with their marble cups, quaffing water from the ambient air, while from the Lion's throat pure water flows, from which we drink and stay our thirst.



SABBATH MORNING. ENGLISH MELODY

WORDS BY MRS. HALE.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and homophonic, with chords in the bass line.

Welcome, welcome, quiet morning ; I've no task, no

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It features a variety of note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass line continues to provide harmonic support with chords.

toil to - day ; Now the Sabbath morn returning, Now the

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a final cadence with a whole note chord in the bass line and a final note in the treble line.

Sabbath morn returning, Says a week has pass'd a-way.

- 2 Let me think how time is gliding ;
 Soon the longest life departs ;
 Nothing human is abiding,
 Save the love of humble hearts.
- 3 Love to God and to our neighbour
 Makes our purest happiness :
 Vain the wish, the care, the labour,
 Earth's poor trifles to possess.

- 4 Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,
 Like the startled doves they fly;
 Or bright clouds each other chasing
 Over yonder quiet sky.
- 5 Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
 Soon its visions will be mine;
 Shall I covet wealth and glory?
 Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine?
- 6 No, my God, one prayer I raise thee
 From my young and happy heart;
 Never let me cease to praise thee,
 Never from thy fear depart.
- 7 Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
 And the world is sunk in shade;
 Heaven's bright realms will rise before me,
 There my treasure will be laid.
-

MY BELOVED, WILT THOU OWN ME?

WRITTEN FOR THE FOREGOING MELODY BY MRS. DANA.

- 1 My beloved, wilt thou own me,
 When my heart is all defiled?
 Though thy dying love has won me,
 Can I deem thee reconciled?
- 2 My beloved, pass before me;
 Never from my sight remove;
 Many waters flowing o'er me,
 Fold me in thy sheltering love.
- 3 My beloved, safely hide me
 In the drear and cloudy day;
 Ere the windy storm has tried me,
 Hide my trembling soul, I pray.
- 4 My beloved, kindly take me
 To thy sympathizing breast;
 Never, never more forsake me;
 Guide me to the land of rest.

REJOICE.

Air.—The Millenium Hymn.

Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance cause advances,
Rejoice, Rejoice, its advocates are here ;

The old, the young, all join in one,

To aid the cause of Temp'rance on :

Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance cause advances,
Rejoice, Rejoice, its advocates are here :

Our cause is good and object pure,

Our ranks increasing more and more—

We soon shall banish from our land

The tyrant with his motley band ;

Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance cause advances,
Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, its advocates are here.

Rejoice, Rejoice, our number fast increases,

Rejoice, Rejoice, the victory is ours ;

We in the distance now can see

Thousands, who say they will be free ;

Rejoice, Rejoice, our cause is still advancing,

Rejoice, Rejoice, the enemy will flee :

Let us our efforts still increase,

And never in our labors cease—

'The victory we'll surely gain,

For see the many in our train :

Rejoice, Rejoice, our number fast increases,

Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, the victory is ours.

Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance banner's waving,

Rejoice, Rejoice, the ladies they have come—

They've sign'd the pledge of liberty,

And joyful shout—"WE'RE FREE! WE'RE FREE!"

Rejoice, Rejoice, for more will soon be coming,

Rejoice, Rejoice, our cause is gaining ground :

Who next will in our ranks enlist,

And thus the monster firm resist ?

(Union is strength) then lend your aid,

And soon we'll boast new vict'ries made :

Rejoice, Rejoice, the Temp'rance banner's waving,

Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice, 'tis spreading o'er the world

SEE, THE STARS ARE COMING.

See, the stars are coming In the fair blue skies!

Mother, look, they brighten, Are they an - gels' eyes?

- 2 No, my child, the lustre
Of the stars is given,
Like the hues of flowers,
By the God of heaven.
- 3 Mother, if I study,
Sure he'll let me know
Why the stars he kindled
O'er our earth to glow?
- 4 Child, what God has finish'd
Has a glorious aim :
Thine it is to worship,
Thine to love His name.

TAKE THE PLEDGE.

ASA FITZ.

{ *Take the pledge! Take the pledge!* The temperance banner view; }
 { *Take the pledge! Take the pledge!* And then your course pursue; }

March boldly on! The vic - t'ry now is yours;

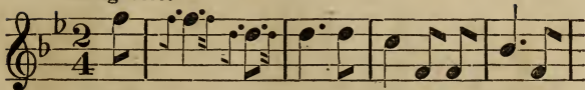
March boldly on! A might-y conquest's won.

2 *Take the pledge! Take the pledge!*
 Here's balm for every wound;
Take the pledge! Take the pledge!
 No richer prize is found;
 March boldly on! and bend your mighty bow;
 March boldly on! and lay th' invader low.

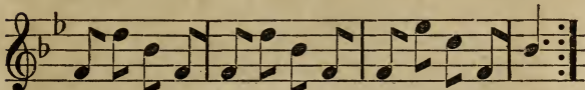
3 *Take the pledge! Take the pledge!*
 Here comes the conquering host;
Take the pledge! Take the pledge!
 No more of sin we boast;
 March boldly on! and let your banners fly;
 March boldly on! and conquer, though you die.

THE TEMPERANCE WAR SONG.

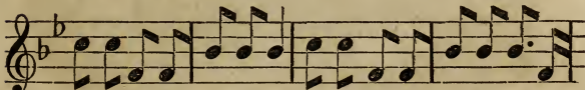
Allegretto.



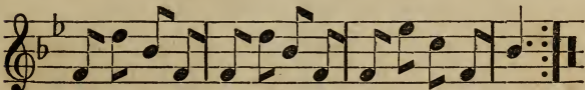
{ What ho! what ho! the cry wakes the land! E-
 } Our men are rea - dy now, with pledge in the hand. E-



leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, ye temperance men y'ho; }
 leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, ye temperance men y'ho; }



{ From your tongues an answer fling, Bid the thundering echoes ring, E-
 } How we hail th' insidious foe, Shout and let the dealer know, E-



leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, Ye temperance men y'ho! }
 leu - re - lu, e - leu - re - lu, Ye temperance men y'ho! }

- 2 What ho! what ho! ye threateners declare!
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temperance men y' ho,
 A threat or a curse, what think you we care;
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temperance men y' ho,
 Here our floating banners view;
 To total abstinence ever true; Eleurelu, &c.
 Soon shall ye, vain boasters, see
 How we treat an enemy! Eleurelu, &c.
- 3 What ho! what ho! the shouts of joy resounds!
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temperance men y' ho!
 The foe *Alcohol*, to the water he bounds;
 Eleurelu, eleurelu, ye temperance men y' ho!
 Scarcely forth the liquid flies,
 Ere the trembling monster dies, Eleurelu, &c.
 Gallant comrades, join with me,
 In the shout of victory! Eleurelu, &c.



THE YOUNG RETAILER.

Old Johnny Druce kept a small grocery, and among other appendages kept liquors of all kinds. Old Johnny's son Jim used to attend the store and wait upon the customers, and when they wanted liquor, he would measure it out for them. One day John Hawkins came along, and made a temperance speech. Little Jim went to hear him, and when the reformed drunkard talked about the children forming a cold water army, and driving old king alcohol out of our country, Jimmy's eye caught fire, and he stepped right forward and volunteered to be a soldier. So they made Jimmy general. The next morning, when Jimmy went into his father's store, he says, "I cannot sell any more rum, for I have signed the pledge." By and by in comes an old customer with his bottle, and asks Jimmy to fill it. Jimmy put his hands in his pockets, and looking up to his customer, said, "I don't sell rum now." At that old rummy stares at Jimmy to see what's the matter. Says Jimmy, "I've signed the pledge. If you want rum you must carry the bottle to my father."

In a few days the old counter was pulled down, the rum casks all rolled out of doors and had their heads stove in. Jimmy had turned a temperance preacher, and the old man had become a convert.

Now, my little boys, go ye and do likewise.

THE OLD BELL.

BY F. BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM.

Among the many preserved relics of the American Revolution with which Philadelphia is favored, the Independence Bell is not the least interesting, on account of the part it performed at the commencement of that important struggle for liberty.

Like the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence, it has done its duty, and now "rests from its labors." It hangs in the second story of the State House Steeple, its former place being now occupied by a much larger one.

The "Old Bell," (familiarly so called) was manufactured in England, expressly for the State of Pennsylvania, while the United States were yet subject to the government of Great Britain. On it are inscribed the names of the manufacturers, date, &c., together with the following words:—"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

On the morning of the ever-memorable 4th of July, 1776, the doors of the State House were closed, and the many anxious citizens who thronged our streets were denied admittance; but no sooner was the last signature affixed to that charter which severed the tie between the colonies and the mother country, than this same bell was rung. Yes, it was the first to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land." Little did its manufacturers suppose that this bell would be the first to strike the notes of the syren song of liberty in the United States of America—

of independence from the land which gave it birth. Little did they think that their solemn injunction was so soon to be obeyed.

At that time this country was covered with dense forests—our cities were small, and our advantages for education limited; while on all sides might be heard the howl of England's war-dogs, or the war-whoop of the enraged Red-man. Now, the verdant hills and vegetated valleys have succeeded the green forest oak—our cities are large and beautiful, and where the Indians' wigwams once stood, the stately Seminary and the majestic Church rear their gilded spires; and instead of the howl of war are heard the heart-cheering songs of Zion, and the glad shout of America's free-born sons. All this is the result of that one act of our fore-fathers. The minds of the people were prepared for it, and nobly did they sustain it in "times that tried men's souls." The welcome notes of that old Bell were wafted on the gentle zephyrs of that auspicious morning to many a fire-side, and found a response in every patriotic heart. The minister, the lawyer, the farmer and mechanic, old and young, rich and poor, male and female, all put their hands to the work, and fought for their freedom, their country, and their God. In return for their labor we now have the blessings of peace, prosperity, political and religious liberty, and the world can boast of no fairer land than Columbia. May

"The star-spangled banner in triumph e'er wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."



ANECDOTES OF THE DOG.

Of all animals, the dog is most attached to man. His affection is not general, but particular. He does not love all mankind, as a matter of course, for in his natural state he is a wild and savage creature. In Asia, dogs are often outcasts, prowling around cities, and feeding upon offal and dead carcasses. They seem to be, if uncivilized, cousins to the wolf, and near relatives to the hyena.

It is in Asia, where the dog is a persecuted, and therefore a skulking kind of animal, that he is the emblem of meanness and cowardice.

But here, where the dog is cherished and taken to a

home, he seems to have a new character and a redeemed nature. He fixes his heart upon some *one*, and is ready to run, jump, bark, bite, dig, work, or play, to give pleasure to him. He seems to live for his master—his master is his deity. He will obey and defend him while living—he will lie down and die by his master's grave. There are many pleasant tales of this animal, well authenticated, of which we will now tell a few.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE SAVED BY A DOG.

There was a gentleman and lady who had a dear little babe, and their nursery was on the upper floor of the house. One evening, when they were out, the nursery maid, after putting the little infant into its cradle, walked off to the kitchen to refresh herself with a gossip, leaving the candle burning near the cradle. Probably a spark from the candle set fire to the clothes in the cradle; at any rate they caught on fire, and the little innocent would certainly have lost its life, had it not been for a dog lying on the hearth, in the same room: the instant he saw the flames, he ran barking down to the kitchen, which was three stairs below, and seizing the nurserymaid by the clothes, pulled her towards the stairs, and then ran up again. The maid followed him, and was just in time to snatch the sleeping darling from the flaming cradle before the fire had reached her.

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN TWO DOGS.

One day a Newfoundland dog and a mastiff, which never met without a quarrel, had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier of Donaghadee, and from which, while so engaged, they both fell into the sea. There was no

way of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. The Newfoundland, being an expert swimmer, soon reached the pier in safety; but his antagonist, after struggling for some time, was on the point of sinking, when the Newfoundland, which had been watching the mastiff's struggles with great anxiety, dashed in, seized him by the collar, kept his head above the water, and brought him safely to shore. Ever after the dogs were most intimate friends; and when, unfortunately, the Newfoundland was killed by a stone wagon passing over his body, the mastiff languished, and evidently lamented his friend's death for a long time.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A Thames waterman once laid a wager that he and his dog would leap from the centre arch of Westminster bridge, and land at Lambeth within a minute of each other. He jumped off first, and the dog immediately followed, but was not in the secret, and fearing that his master would be drowned, it seized him by the neck and dragged him on shore, to the no small diversion of the spectators.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

In no instance was Washington's influence with the army so strikingly exemplified, as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. Over and over have I listened with intense anxiety, in the days of my boyhood, whilst my own departed sire, who fought and bled on that proud field, recited, with thrilling interest, all that related to the enterprise. It was on a December night! (would he

say,) when our little heart-broken army halted on the banks of the Delaware. That night bore a strong resemblance to our country's fortunes. It seemed as if heaven and earth had conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came on apace. The snow and the hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the supperless, half clad, shivering soldiers: and in the roarings of the flood, and the wailings of the storm, were heard by fancy's ear the knell of our hopes, and the dirge of liberty. The impetuous river was filled with floating ice; an attempt to cross it at that time, and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise; yet it was undertaken, and thanks be to God and Washington, it was accomplished.

From where we landed on the Jersey shore, to Trenton, was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers in giving some order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he, and many of us frost bitten, and the majority of us so poorly shod, that the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tread; yet we upbraided not, complained not, but marched steadily and firmly, though mournfully onward, resolved to persevere to the uttermost, not for our country—our country alas! we had given up for lost. Not for ourselves—life for us no longer wore a charm—but because such was the will of our beloved chief—'twas for Washington alone we were willing to make the sacrifice. When we arrived within sight of the enemies' encampments, we were ordered to

form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated, dispirited and exhausted, we presented a most unwarlike and melancholy aspect. The paternal eye of our chief was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledge them with his tears; but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country, and all that we held dear, was staked upon the coming battle. As he spoke we began to gather ourselves up, and rally our energies; every man grasped his arms more firmly, and the clenched hand, and the compressed lip, and the steadfast look, and the knit brow, told the soul's resolve. Washington observed us well: then did he exhort us with all the fervor of his soul, 'On yonder field to conquer or die the death of the brave.' At that instant, the sun, as if in prophetic token of our success, burst forth in all its splendor, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. Our chief, with exultation hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds, called on the 'God of battles,' and his faithful soldiers led on to the charge. The conflict was fierce and bloody. For more than twenty minutes not a gun was fired—the sabre and the bayonet did the work of destruction; 'twas a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death. There did we stand, (would he say,) there did we stand, 'foot to foot, and hilt to hilt,' with the foe! and where we stood, we died or conquered.

Zion's Advocate.

The vanity of human life is like a river—constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.



MARKET-HOUSE SERMONS.

There was once a man who went about through all the lanes and alleys in a large city and talked to the people about temperance. On Sundays he would get up on a bench in the Market-house, and begin to sing and preach, and very soon a large collection of people would gather around him, to hear what the crazy man, as some called him, would say. But he was not crazy nor a fool. He understood well what he was about, for when he got his audience in a right state of mind, he would pour some very wholesome truths into them, and make them feel they were great sinners. Many a drunkard have I seen weep when the good man would talk of the miseries of intemperance. But the old man has gone to sleep with his fathers, and we hope is reaping the reward of the just in heaven.

THE WATER KING.

BY HODGES REED.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

We're soldiers of the Water-King,
His laws we will obey ;
Virtue and health are his reward—
We want no better pay.

CHORUS.

Then let us sing the Water-king,
Good soldiers one and all—
Our banners to the breeze we'll fling,
And *down* with *alcohol*.

We boast no sword or glittering spear :
Ours is a bloodless crown—
A purer, brighter, fairer thing
Than conquerors ever won.
Then let us sing, &c.

Our strength is in the living spring—
And long as waters run,
Or grass grows green, we're pledged to keep
Our Temperance armor on.
Then let us sing, &c.

What though the Fire King mocks our hosts,
As great Goliath did,
We've temperance Davids in our ranks,
Who'll bring away his head.
Then let us sing, &c.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

The surprise and capture of the Hessian troops at Trenton, is a well remembered event in our revolutionary history. It occurred at the darkest period of the struggle, and it was in the hour when the hopes of the most sanguine had almost failed, that God so signally interposed to save our land. On that eventful morning Col. Biddle, of Philadelphia, rode by the side of Washington, and it is from his oft repeated relation of the circumstances of that contest that we have derived a knowledge of the following interesting fact. The American troops crossed the Delaware about nine miles above Trenton, and marched in two divisions upon the town. This unexpected approach and vigorous attack of foes, supposed to be dispirited and defeated, was completely successful, and although the floating ice in the river had delayed the crossing, and it was eight o'clock when Washington entered the village, the victory was gained with ease altogether unexpected. In a few minutes all the outguards were driven in, and the American force having surrounded the town, resistance became fruitless, and the enemy surrendered. When this event was communicated to Washington, he was pressing forward, and animating his troops by his voice and example. Instantly checking his horse, and throwing the reins upon his neck, the venerable man raised his eyes to heaven, and thus silently and emphatically acknowledged from whence the victory had come, and what aid he had implored to guard his beloved country in the perilous con-

flict. It was not until the lapse of about a minute, that he paused from his devout thankfulness, and ordered the troops to stand to their arms.

ABSTRACTION.—Sir Isaac Newton, finding himself extremely cold one evening in winter, drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had been recently kindled. By degrees, the fire kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rang the bell with unusual violence. His servant was not at hand at the moment, but he soon made his appearance. By this time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. “Remove that grate, you lazy rascal!” he exclaimed, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and bland philosopher; “remove the grate before I am burned to death!” “And pray, master,” said the servant, “might you not rather draw back your chair?” “Upon my word,” said Sir Isaac, smiling, “I never thought of that.”

We recollect reading an anecdote of William Gray, (familiarily called “Billy Gray,”) a rich merchant in Boston, and whose motto was, “what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.” To this he owed his success. On one occasion he had reason to find fault with a mechanic for some slovenly job. “I tell you what, Billy Gray,” said the mechanic, “I shan’t stand such jaw from you. Why I recollect when you was nothing but a drummer in a regiment. “And so I was a drummer,” replied Mr. Gray, “but didn’t I drum *well*—eh! didn’t I drum *well*?”

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in its liquid light,
 Is the water in our glasses ;
 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
 Ye lads and rosy lasses !

Chorus.

O then resign your ruby wine,
 Each smiling son and daughter,
 There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
 Or sweet as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold
 From the crystal fountains flowing ;
 A calm delight both day and night
 To happy homes bestowing.

Chorus. O then resign, &c.

Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled
 Of the weeping wife and mother ;
 They've given up the poisoned cup,
 Son, husband, daughter, brother.

Chorus. O then resign, &c.



EVERY SHEAF OF GOLDEN GRAIN.

1. Ev-'ry sheaf of golden grain, Standing on the smiling plain,

Tells us, if we do not know, Whence our many blessings flow.

2 Thanks we bring for earthly good,
 Nobler thanks for richer food;
 Love divine to us has given
 Christ, the Bread of Life, from Heaven.

3 Lord! to these thy favours, give
 Hearts to serve thee while we live;
 Till we reap, where Jesus is,
 Harvests of immortal bliss.

BONNY BOAT.

1. O swift - ly glides the bon - ny boat, Just

INST.

parted from the shore; And to the fisher's

cho - rus note, Soft moves the dip - ping oar :

These toils are borne with hap - py cheer, And

VOICE.

ev - er may they speed ; That fee - ble age and

help - mate dear, And ten - der bair - nies feed.

2 We cast our lines in Largo bay,
 Our nets are floating wide ;
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway,
 Rocks lightly on the tide :
 And happy prove our daily lot,
 Upon the summer sea ;
 And blest on land our kindly cot,
 Where all our treasures be.

3 The mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The witch may weave her charm ;
 Nor water sprite, nor eldric thing,
 The bonny boat can harm :
 It safely bears its scaly store,
 Thro' many a stormy gale, [shore,
 While joyful shouts rise from the
 Its homeward prow to hail.

4 We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.*

SOLO.

1 Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell—

Ten now strikes on the belfry bell! Ten are the ho-ly com-

mandments giv'n, To man be-low, from God in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Human watch from harm can't ward us, God will watch and

God will guide us, He, thro' his e-ter-nal might,

* Among the watchmen in Germany, a singular custom prevails of chanting devotional hymns during the night. The above is a specimen; the several stanzas being chanted, as the hours of the night are successively announced.

Grant us all a bless - ed night.

- 2 Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
 Eleven Apostles of holy mind,
 Taught the Gospel to mankind.
 Human watch, &c.
- 3 Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
 Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
 Who suffer'd for their Saviour's name.
 Human watch, &c.
- 4 Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
One has peal'd on the belfry bell!
 One God above, one Lord indeed,
 Who bears us forth in hour of need.
 Human watch, &c.
- 5 Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
 Two paths before mankind are free,
 Neighbour, choose the best for thee.
 Human watch, &c.
- 6 Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell—
Three now sounds on the belfry bell!
 Threefold reigns the heav'nly Host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Human watch, &c.

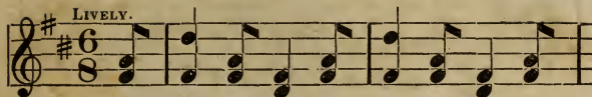


THE DISTILLER'S PALACE AND THE RUM- DRINKER'S HOVEL.

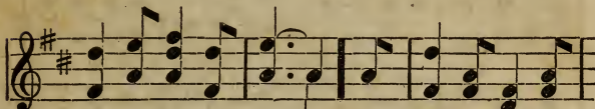
Twenty years ago, and Sam Catchall and Joe Easy were schoolmates together. Both grew up playmates, both married about the same time; and both settled on the estates of their fathers, within sight of each other. Sam Catchall turned distiller, and opened a rum tavern. Joe Easy turned farmer and tavern customer. Joe Easy lost his money; and Sam Catchall found it. Joe Easy's old house went to ruin, and Sam Catchall's was pulled down and built anew. Both pursued their different callings, till one went to the drunkard's grave, and his family to the poor house; the other lived on to spread destruction and desolation all around.

Joe Easy's cottage was sold under the hammer, and Sam Catchall bought it, and the last time I passed that way a mansion on the same spot had been erected for his son. But the Lord has said, "The wages of sin is death."

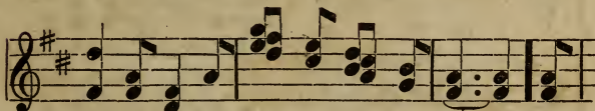
INDEPENDENCE DAY.



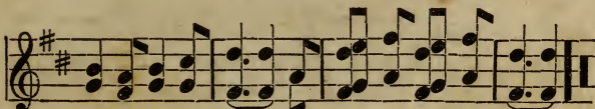
1 This day to greet, with joy we meet, Then



ba-nish care a - way; With fes-tive cheer, come



has - ten here, 'Tis In - de - pen - dence day, 'Tis



Independence day, 'Tis In - de - pendence day.

2.

Join'd heart and hand, a happy band,
We Freedom's flag-display;
With music's sound, we gather round,
'Tis Independence day,
'Tis Independence day, &c.

5

Our fathers brave, the land to save,
Did freedom's call obey—
By young and old, their deeds be told,
'Tis Independence day,
'Tis Independence day, &c.

3

We shout and sing, and flowers bring,
Youth's joyful emblems they—
The laurel twine with fadeless pine,
'Tis Independence day,
'Tis Independence day, &c.

6

Let banners wave, for deeds so brave,
The stripes and stars display—
The Eagle bold, our shield shall hold,
'Tis Independence day,
'Tis Independence day, &c.

4

From morn to night, with love unite,
To celebrate this day;
Let peace and joy our hearts employ,
'Tis Independence day,
'Tis Independence day, &c.

7

Huzza again, another strain,
And then for home away;
This day was won by Washington,
'Tis Independence day.
'Tis Independence day, &c.

THERE'S STRENGTH AND BEAUTY IN OUR CUP.

Shall e'er cold water be forgot When we sit down to

dine? O no, my friends, for is it not Pour'd out by hands di-

vine? Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends, Pour'd out by hands di-

vine; From springs and wells it gushes forth, Pour'd out by hands di-

- 2 To beauty's cheek, though strange it seems,
 'Tis not more strange than true ;
 Cold water, though itself so *pale*,
 Imparts the rosiest hue,
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
 Imparts the rosiest hue,
 Yes, beauty in a water-*pail*
 Doth find her rosiest hue.
- 3 Cold water too, (though wonderful,
 'Tis not less true, again)—
 The weakest of all earthly drinks,
 Doth make the strongest men ;
 Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
 Doth make the strongest men ;
 Then let us take that weakest drink,
 And grow the strongest men.
- 4 I've seen the bells of tulips turn,
 To drink the drops that fell
 From summer clouds ;—then why should not
 The two lips of a belle ?
 The two lips of a belle, my friends,
 The two lips of a belle.
 What sweetens more than water pure
 The two lips of a belle ?
- 5 The sturdy oak full many a cup
 Doth hold up to the sky,
 To catch the rain ; then drinks it up,
 And thus the oak *gets high* ;
 'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
 'Tis thus the oak gets high,
 By having water in its cups,
 Then why not you and I ?
- 6 Then let cold water armies give
 Their banners to the air ;
 So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
 The girls like tulips fair,
 The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
 The girls like tulips fair,
 The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
 The girls like tulips fair.

PIERPONT.

AWAY THE BOWL.

WORDS ADAPTED BY ALVAN SIMONDS.

Our youthful hearts with temperance burn. Away, a-
From dram-shops all our steps we turn, A - way, a -

way the bowl; } Farewell to rum and all its harms, Fare-
way the bowl; }

well the wine-cup's boasted charms, A-way the bowl, a-

way the bowl, a - way, a - way the bowl.

2 See how that staggering drunkard reels !
 Away, away the bowl ;
 Alas, the misery he reveals,
 Away, away the bowl ;
 His children grieve, his wife's in tears !
 How sad his once bright home appears !
 Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

3 We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,
 Away, away the bowl !
 The tippler's offers we repel,
 Away, away the bowl.
 United in a temperance band,
 We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand,
 Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.



COLD WATER SONG.

AIR—"Before all lands," &c.

Allegro. mf

Be-fore all causes east or west, I love the temperance

cause the best—I love its cheerful greetings; I love the tales the

speakers tell, The songs we sing while echoes swell At

our cold water meetings, At our cold water meetings.

- 2 Before all laws or east or west,
 I count the law of love the best;
 Its accents, mildly spoken,
 Will harmless make the poison'd bowl,
 Bind up the wounded, and control
 The heart that's almost broken.
- 3 Before all people, east or west,
 I love the temperance men the best—
 I love their noble spirit!
 In generous deeds, not words, they deal;
 They have at heart the poor man's weal—
 All praise their efforts merit.
- 4 To all the world I give my hand—
 My heart is with that noble band,
 Cold water army brothers.
 God speed and prosper every plan
 That strives to bless poor sinful man,
 But this before all others!

OH WILD IS THE PATH.

Oh wild is the path of the son of the sea,
 Who launches his bark on the perilous tide ;
 But wilder by far is the reef studded lee
 Where drunkards 'mid billows of drunkenness ride.

Oh fierce is the storm that the mariner braves,
 'Mid thunders and lightnings afar on the foam ;
 But the storm of the land has more dangerous waves,
 Where drunkards 'mid billows of drunkenness roam.

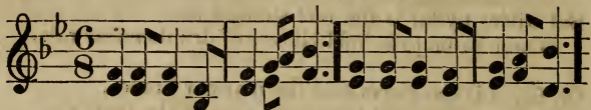
Oh hungry as death are the monsters that prey,
 On the corpse of the sailor far down in the deep ;
 But hungrier still are the monsters who prey,
 Where drunkards 'mid billows of drunkenness creep.

Oh God; save the sailor with heavenly force,
 From drunkards and drunkenness keep him afar,
 Oh steer him safe on in a heavenly course,
 By the mild cheering light of the temperance star.

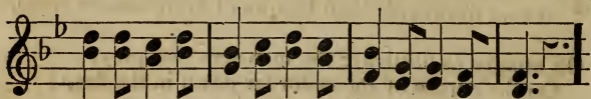


THE BATTLE SONG.

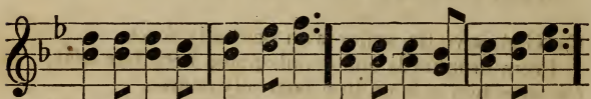
BY MRS. E. C. GAVITT.



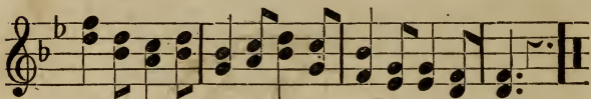
Soldiers of the temperance band, Be united heart and hand,



Forward, then, at his command, To certain vic-to - ry.



Seize your armour, gird it on; Now the battle is begun;



Lo the prize will soon be won, Then struggle manfully.

2 Now the foe, Intemperance, fight,
 Put the monster Rum to flight,
 Sink the dram-shop out of sight,
 That sink of misery.
 See the tears of her whose heart
 Is broken by the tyrant's dart,
 And suffering now beneath the smart
 Of Rum's sad revelry.

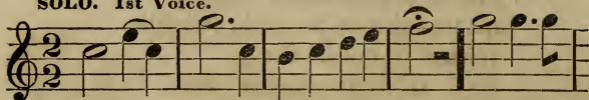
- 3 Friends of temperance, all arise,
 Let the heavens, the earth, and skies,
 Witness th' exalted rise
 Of the temperance cause.
 Faithful to your banner prove,
 Strive th' inebriate's heart to move,
 All your efforts make in love,
 To win him from his bowl.
- 4 Onward, then, ye fearless host,
 In this cause make all your boast,
 Your motto love—Jehovah trust—
 For help and victory.
 Soon the laurels ye shall win,
 Crowns of glory—saved from sin,
 Th' inebriate in that diadem
 Shall sparkle brilliantly.



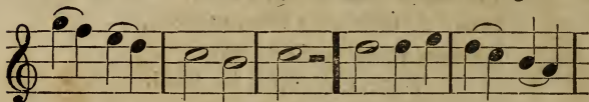
DOXOLOGY.

TUNE—"Missionary Hymn."

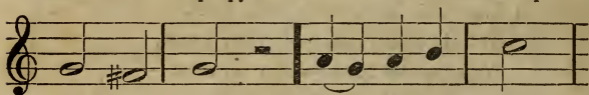
WE'LL join the tuneful chorus,
 And raise our voice on high;
 The cheering view before us
 Delights the raptured eye;—
 The glorious cause is gaining
 New strength from day to day,—
 The drunkard host is waning,
 Before cold water's sway.

HARK! WHAT MELODY.**SOLO. 1st Voice.**

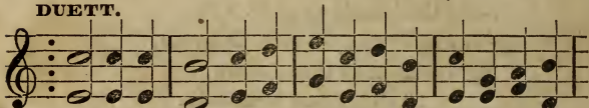
Hark! what me - lo - dy is this I hear! Fill - ing the



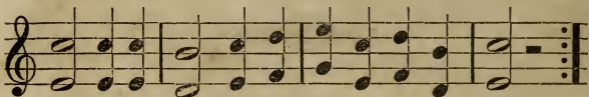
air with hap - py cheer! O how it thrills up -



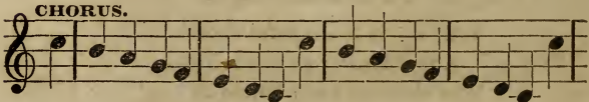
on my ear! Say can you tell?

DUETT.

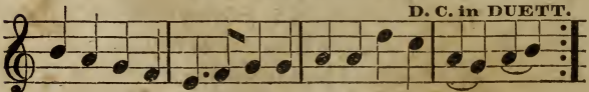
{ Yes! 'tis the shouts of a happy band! how joy - ful - ly they
 } Come, let us rise, and go forth, to meet this army now, Let



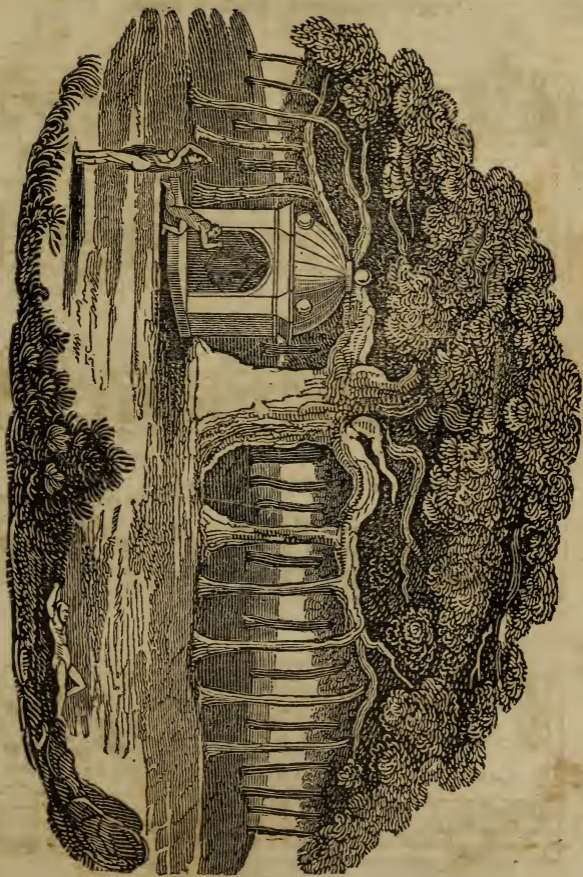
strike on the ear, and how mer - ri - ly they ring. }
 each take the pledge, and prove faithful to the vow. }

CHORUS.

I love this little happy band, And hope my name shall ever stand, A

D. C. in DUETT.

monument to all the land, With this cold water ar - my.



THE SCHOOL BOY'S SONG.

I am a little happy boy [girl] And merry will I
I'll climb the hills and roam the fields, And drive the birds a-

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

play. Beside the brook I'll take my stand,
way. And watch the angler there,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

And if perchance a fish is caught, I'll tease him for a share,

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

I'll tease him for a share, I'll tease him for a share,

And if perchance a fish is caught, I'll tease him for a share.

- 2 I'll follow up the mountain stream,
 And watch the gurgling rill,
 And o'er the little water-fall
 I'll raise a mimic mill.
 Beside the mill I'll build a dam,
 And raise a little pond,
 Upon the pond I'll float a boat,
 And place my magic wand.
- 3 And many a happy hour I'll sail
 Upon the glassy stream,
 And angle till my pond is drained
 Of all my finny theme.
 And as the dusky night sets in,
 I'll shoulder hook and line,
 And homeward bend my weary course,
 To greet my friends and thine.
- 4 And when the glorious morning dawns
 I'll rise to life anew,
 See smiles and beauties all around,
 And flowers my pathway strew.
 Thus all my boyhood's days I'll spend,
 In pleasure, joy and glee,
 And ne'er forget they'll have an end
 When manhood's prime I see.—A. FITZ.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

Parent of the great creation,
Thou hast open'd wide thine hand ;
Thanks we give and adoration,
Now that we before the stand.

May all drunkards now enslaved,
Taste those pleasures we enjoy ;
They and us by grace be saved,
And for thee our lives employ.

Safely by thy spirit guided,
'Till the scenes of life are o'er,
May we taste the bliss provided,
Hunger then and thirst no more.

Then our sweetest voices raising,
With the bright angelic host,
Thy great name for ever praising,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

E. B. H.



TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH.

Onward! Onward! all victorious,
 Bright thou Sun of temp'rance shine!
 Soon our triumph will be glorious,
 For our leader is divine.
 Sing victorious!
 Sing victorious!
 For our leader is divine.

God does work!—See, none can hinder;
 Weak the agents he'll employ—
 With his trumpet loudly thunder,
 Compass round, and then destroy!
 Walls of Satan!
 Walls of Satan!
 Compass round, He will destroy.

Rouse thee! rouse thee! Christian sleeping!
 Hark! thy Master draweth near,
 Search the camp,—in wrath He's speaking,
 "That an Achan's sheltered there!"
 Sons of Zion!
 Sons of Zion!
 See, an Achan's shelter'd there.

E'en poor Erin! now is bursting
 From the chains which long she wore!
 See her, Father Matthew trusting,
 Alcohol shall rule no more!
 Happy Erin!
 Happy Erin!
 Alcohol shall rule no more.

GREENVILL.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1 'Mid plea - sures and pa - laces though we may

p

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the treble and a piano accompaniment in the bass. The lyrics '1 'Mid plea - sures and pa - laces though we may' are written below the treble staff. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed above the first measure of the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody continues in the treble staff with the lyrics 'roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like' written below it. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody concludes in the treble staff with the lyrics 'home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us' written below it. The piano accompaniment concludes in the bass staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

there, Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-

where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's
\$.f p

no place like home! There's no place like home!

- 2 An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
 Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
 Give me them with peace of mind dearer than all.
 Home! home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

THE CRIER'S SONG.

1 Here's a pretty book who'll take, Cry, cry, cry again,
 'Twill good scholars always make, Cry, cry, cry again.

Temp'rance stories it will tell, All who take it like it well;

Here I come, I come to sell, Cry, cry, cry again.

2 Don't despair, my little lad ;
 Try, try, try again.
 Oft at first one's luck is bad,
 Try, try, try again.
 What if a repulse you get,
 Persevere, you'll prosper yet,
 Then your toil you'll not regret,
 Try, try, try again.

3 Put on courage—never tire—

Try, try, try again.

Let the cause your heart inspire—

Try, try, try again.

Raise your banner, raise it high ;

For recruits then loudly cry,

'They will rally by and by,

Try, try, try again.

4 Come my lads and lasses too,

Try, try, try again.

Come let 's see what you can do

Try, try, try again.

Total Abstinence proclaim—

Sign the Pledge—then spread the same,

Let each try to get a name,

Try, try, try again.

5 'List as many as you can ;

Try, try, try again.

On the safe "*tee-total*" plan ;

Try, try, try again.

Soon our "Army" will embrace

All the lovers of our race,

The sober take the drunkard's place.

Try, try, try again.

6 Here's a pretty book, &c., (*1st verse.*)

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

1 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship, Ye winds fill ev'ry sail, Be-

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in 2/2 time. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass line follows a similar rhythmic pattern with quarter and eighth notes.

hold her on the rolling deep, Out - riding ev - ry gale, The

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The upper staff features a sharp sign (#) above a note in the fourth measure. The lyrics are positioned between the two staves.

tempest fury she outbraves, And hosts of deathless drunkards saves.

The third system of music concludes the piece with a double bar line. The melody in the upper staff has a fermata over the final note. The bass line also ends with a double bar line.

2 Speed, speed the temperance ship !
Who joins us in the cry ?
Mothers and children cease to weep,
Our ship is passing by ;
We wish to take you all on board,
A freight of mercy to the Lord.

3 Speed, speed the temperance ship !
For her we 'll ever pray,
'Tis Israel's God alone can keep
In safety night and day ;
On him we 'll evermore depend,
Who is the contrite drunkard's friend.

4 Speed, speed the temperance ship !
Ye young and aged shout,
Behold her sailing o'er the deep !
With all her streamers out,
Bound for the true tee-total shore,
Where streams of death are drank no more.

5 Speed, speed the temperance ship !
We 'll soon arrive in port—
The port of hope, the port of peace,
When all our toils shall cease.
When, freed from earth's tempestuous storms,
We 'll rest secure from all alarms.





EMBLEMATIC PROPERTIES OF FLOWERS.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purpled rose is a figure of heart-felt love; faith is represented in the blue passion flower; hope beams forth from the ever-green; peace from the olive branch; immortality from the immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the blue fragrant violet; compassion by the piony; friendship by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; German honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn-flower (the cyane,) and the attriculas; how kindly they look upon us with their child-like eyes. Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night swelling-rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus, nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her lovely sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men were able to do?



When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.



A U T U M N .

“The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year.”

The Summer, bright ‘sultry Summer,’ with all its attending pleasures, has given way to the more sober, thoughtful, and refreshing season, Autumn. All the months in the year have their peculiar duties to perform, and each revolving season bring its joys and sorrows, its labors and its gains. Spring, merry Spring, is the season for the gambols of the sportive youth. When

—“Well-dress’d April on the heel
Of limping winter treads,”

the husbandman goes forth into his fields, with his spade, harrow, and plough—the lowing herds and bleating flocks, are again seen roaming o’er the sloping

hills—the solemn, though tuneful notes of the robin fall upon the ear, like the far-off soundings of a lute—while awoke by the refreshing breezes of that lovely season,

“The lark mounts and warbles away,”

and, freed from the icy fetters and snowy shackles of stern old hoary-headed Winter, all Nature seems to partake of the gladsome harmony.

Then the scorching rays of the Summer's sun drive from their usual sports the merry birds, and the sprightly youth; and, save at cooling eventide, or balmy morn, scarce a note melodious breaks the reigning silence. Man seeks pleasure in some retired, breeze-fanned villa, and beast courts repose 'neath the shadowy branches of the forest trees. This season imparts true joys to those only who see no beauty in Spring's reviving, or Autumn's decaying influence.

Spring and Summer past, Autumn approaches—September leading the way. Now the husbandman again sallies out to harvest the proceeds of his honest toil. Again the warblers carol their sweetest notes, and all things animate resume their various and respective avocations. But soon September's joys will pass away; for this is

“The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom, blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.”

What thoughtful, intellectual person, is not amorous of this month?

F. B. G.

THE PEACHES.

A Farmer brought five peaches from the city, the finest that were to be found. But this was the first time that his children had seen any fruit of this kind. So they admired and greatly rejoiced over the beautiful apples with red cheeks and soft pulps. The father gave one to each of his four sons, and the fifth to their mother. In the evening as the children were about to retire to sleep, their father inquired, "Well boys, how did the peaches taste?"

"Excellent, dear father," said the eldest, "it is a beautiful fruit, so juicy and pleasant. I have carefully preserved the stone, and will cultivate a tree for myself."

"Well done!" said the father, "this is husbandry, to provide for the future, and is becoming a farmer!"

"I ate mine," exclaimed the youngest, "and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of hers. O, that tasted so sweet, and melted in my mouth."

"You," said the father, "have not acted very prudently, but in a natural and child-like manner. There is still time enough in your life to practice wisdom."

Then the second began,—"I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and cracked it open. It contained a kernel that tasted as good as a nut. But my peach I sold, and got for it money enough to buy twelve, when I go to the city."

The father patted him on the head, saying, "That

was indeed prudent, but it was not natural for a child. May heaven preserve you from being a miser!"

"And you, Edmund?" inquired the father.

Frankly and ingenuously, Edmund replied, "I carried my peach to George, the son of our neighbor, who is sick of a fever. He refused to take it, but I laid it on the bed, and came away."

"Now!" said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?"

All exclaimed, "Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent. And his mother embraced him, with a tear standing in her eye.

A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.

Flowers, of all created things, are the most innocent and simple, and most superbly complex—play-things for childhood, ornaments for the grave, and the companion of the cold corpse in the coffin. Flowers, beloved by the wandering idiot, and studied by the deep thinking man of science! Flowers, that of all perishing things are the most heavenly; Flowers, that unceasingly expand to heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy, and soothers of human sorrow, fit emblem of the victor's triumphs, of the young bride's blushes—welcome to crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves! Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation.

What a dreary, desolate place would be a face with-

out a smile—a feast without a welcome. Are not flowers the stars of the earth, and are not flowers the stars of heaven? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow creatures, for they awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty, for they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from, and superior to, all selfishness, so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread alone, but he hath another than an animal life.

CHILDREN.

Bless them! We love to hear their sweet voices ringing cheerily and clear under the open sky. We love those noisy games of which they are so fond—the mirth that startles Echo from her sleep,

And shows the native gladness of their hearts.

Here they are, bare-headed, and some of them bare-footed, but health is blooming upon their cheeks, and rapture sparkling in their eyes. Look at this little party gamboling on the green sward. Over they go—heels over head! What care they for the hard knocks they get in falling! And how delighted are they—what a shout of merriment is set up when one of their number rolls into the ditch. Happy children, tumble on!—

gambol whilst ye may!—the days are coming when you must toil for the poor pittance that buys your daily bread—then cares of life will weigh heavily on your hearts, now so bounding and so elated! Enjoy the blissful present, then, as much as you can—there is no time to be lost. Over again!

* * * * *

We seldom behold *children* at their play without being carried back to the days of our childhood, when we were one of those “wee things,” and loved to gambol on the green sward, and gather butter-cups in the fields. Many a little garden have we made in the dust, loaded ourselves with many a big posey, chased many a butterfly and young bird in those early days. How light was our heart then! How blithe our spirits with scarce a dint of care! With what speed and rapture we bounded to our merry play-fellows!—How we shouted, and ran, and leapt for joy!—Sweet days of our childhood! How bright ye were! Why passed so soon away? Why were ye so fleeting and so transitory? In our depressed and sorrowful moments, when care sits gloomily on our brow, when troubles encompass us and a weight of sadness lies at our heart, we cast an eye back to the morning of our life, and from its unclouded sunniness, a cheering ray steals into our soul, and dispels, for a time, all gloom. What would we not give to be a child once more?—*Tait's Mag.*



A clear conscience is a sure card.

THE LYRE TAIL.

The *Menura Lyrata*, or *Lyre Tail*, is a native of New Holland, and is called by the colonists, the Lyre Pheasant. It receives its name from the singular appearance presented by two long feathers which spring from the upper part of the back, near the tail. These two feathers are about three feet in length, bent like the branches of a lyre; and when the tail of the bird stands erect, it presents a strong resemblance to that instrument: the two large feathers resembling the frame of the lyre, while the smaller feathers of purple and gold, resemble the strings.

The great beauty of this bird's plumage, and deformity of its legs, have been the means of giving rise to a variety of fabulous tales. The savage inhabitants of the Islands of which the bird of Paradise is a native, perceiving the eagerness with which the Europeans purchased this favorite bird, resolved to make it appear different from any other of the feathered race; and, by cutting off the legs, with some degree of ingenuity, asserted that it lived wholly in the sea; and this improbable invention was actually believed.

It is asserted by the natives, that each flock of these curious birds is under the dominion of one, that is considered as *king*, and that this is distinguished by a peculiar brilliance of plumage, which the natives themselves can easily discern; and if the fowlers are able to destroy the *monarch*, the rest of the flock quickly become their prey.—*Tutor.*

SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

“That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters,” I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

“And why do you think so?” said I.

“Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart, which are so apparent in every action.”

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years; and the heart of him who has grown cold with its chilling contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some incident awakes within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

The New Orleans Picayune has the following:—“A gentleman in the upper part of the Second Municipality says that school learning is of little use to a boy, and he accordingly teaches his son real practical knowledge; such as he can get a living by—that is, he has kept him turning a grindstone for five years past.

Honor the great when they are good, and respect the good when they are not great.

LOVELY SONG.—(VENITIAN MELODY.)

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

Come bless this even - ing's closing hour, Lovely

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It features the same two-staff format with treble and bass clefs, two sharps key signature, and 2/4 time signature.

rose, Attune our hearts to sing thy pow'r, Lovely rose,

The third system of music concludes the piece. It maintains the two-staff format with treble and bass clefs, two sharps key signature, and 2/4 time signature.

Now bless our weary soul, Sweetly by thy soothing

power, Brighten ev'ry gloomy hour With soft con - tent.

2 Here's nought to mar our pleasures,
 Lovely song!
 We'll yield thee richest treasures,
 Lovely song!
 Now pour thy sweetest lay,
 Stirring all our hearts to gladness,
 Driving care and gloomy sadness
 Far away.

3 This evening's sun's declining rays,
 Lovely song!
 Shall witness thy reviving lays,
 Lovely song!
 Soon we shall leave this place,
 For our homes and happy firesides,
 And for sleep, that gently glides
 O'er all our race.

4 May morning wake thy slumbers,
 Lovely song!
 And may to-morrow's numbers,
 Lovely song!
 Be like the syren's strain,
 Gently soothing all our troubles,
 Guiding us beyond life's bubbles,
 Pure bliss to gain.

CUP OF MISERY, FARE THEE WELL.

BY J. G. BURNETT.

Shades of darkness fast are fleeing
 From our once benighted land,
 Drunkards, now their danger seeing,
 Sign the pledge on ev'ry hand.
 Joyful strains to Heav'n ascending,
 Tell of vice's broken spell—
 To our nation's bounds extending,
 "Cup of misery, fare thee well!"

The time has come when happy faces—
 Eyes with rapture beaming bright—
 In their long deserted places,
 Smile and sparkle with delight.
 Parents, with their children round them,
 Now rejoice that "all is well;"
 To the tyrant that hath bound them,
 Say, exulting, "fare thee well!"



DAUGHTER OF ZION.

Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
 Awake for the foe shall oppress thee no more;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of glad-
 ness;
 Arise for the night of thy sorrow is o'er."

No more shall the bowl—of friendship the token,
 The bliss of a moment, be fill'd to ensnare;
 Though rich be its glow, yet the charm has been
 broken,
 That led on its victims to want and despair.

Hence all ye sorrows—the cup that distill'd them—
 Pure friendship has banish'd and dash'd from
 the board;
 Homes—where the poison with wretchedness
 fill'd them,
 To peace and to virtue again are restor'd.

Friends of redemption, the prospect is cheering,
 All aid to our progress kind heaven will bless;
 Then let us *arise*, for the cause is endearing—
 The joys of our *triumph* no tongue can ex-
 press.

SHED NOT A TEAR.—(WORDS BY MRS. DANA.)

DOLCE.

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone,

When I am gone; Smile, if the slow tolling bell you should hear,

When I am gone, I am gone. Weep not for me when you

6

stand round my grave, Think who has died his be - lov - ed to save :

Think of the crown all the ran - som'd shall have,

When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me
 When I am gone, when I am gone ;
 Sing me a song, if my grave you should see,
 When I am gone, I am gone.
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
 Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray,
 Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
 When I am gone, I am gone.

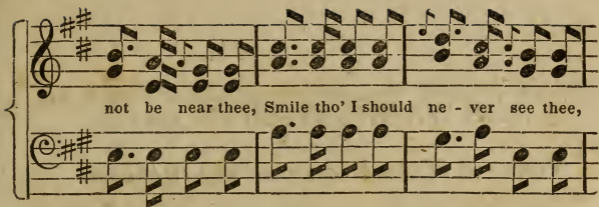
GO FORGET ME, WHY SHOULD SORROW.

AFFET.

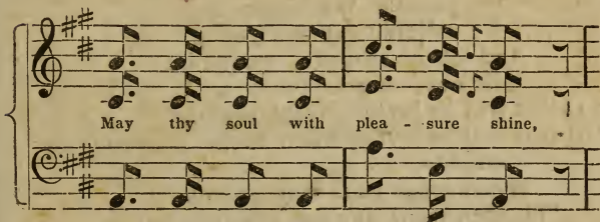
Go for - get me, why should sorrow O'er that brow a

shadow fling, Go, forget me, and to - morrow

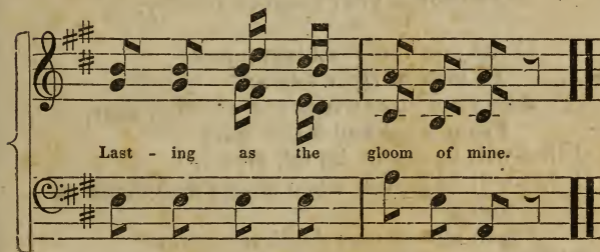
Brightly smile and sweet - ly sing, Smile though I should



not be near thee, Smile tho' I should ne - ver see thee,



May thy soul with plea - sure shine,



Last - ing as the gloom of mine.

2 Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
 Clothes the meanest thing in light;
 And when thou like him art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night;
 All things look'd so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee;
 By that pure and lucid mind,
 Early visions are refin'd.

THE WASHINGTONIAN CALL.

TUNE—" *When I can read my title clear.*"

Come join the Washingtonians,
 Ye children gay and young,
 And let the theme of temperance
 Be ever on your tongues.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when songs your tongues
 employ,

When songs your tongues employ;
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring
 When songs your tongues employ.

Come join the Washingtonians,
 Ye men of riper years,
 And save your wives and children dear,
 From want and bitter tears.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O that will be joyful, when strong men drink no
 more,

When strong men drink no more.
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,
 When strong men drink no more.

Come join the Washingtonians,
 Ye men of hoary heads,
 And end your days where temperance
 Its peaceful influence sheds.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,

O that will be joyful, when old men drink no
more,

When old men drink no more.

'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,

When old men drink no more.

Come join the Washingtonians,

Ye dames and maidens fair,

And breathe around us in our path,

Affection's hallowed air.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,

O that will be joyful, when woman cheer us on,

When woman cheer us on, to conquest not
yet won ;

'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,

When woman cheers us on.

Come join the Washingtonians,

Ye sons and daughters all,

Of this our own America,

Come at the friendly call.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,

O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly
say,—

When all shall proudly say, 'away the bowl,
away.'

'Tis then we'll sing and offerings bring,

When all shall own our sway.

THE COLD WATER-ARMY.

BY REV. MR. THOMAS.

TUNE—" *Child's Autumn Song.*"

WITH banner and with badge we come,
 An ARMY true and strong,
 To fight against the hosts of rum,
 And this shall be our song :—
 We love the clear cold water springs
 Supplied by gentle showers :
 We feel the strength cold water brings—
 'The victory is ours.'

"Cold Water Army," is our name,—
 O may we faithful be,
 And so in truth and justice claim
 The blessings of the free.
 We love the clear, &c.

Though others love their rum and wine,
 And drink till they are mad,
 To water we will still incline,
 To make us strong and glad.
 We love the clear, &c.

I pledge to thee this hand of mine,
 In faith and friendship strong ;
 And fellow-soldiers, we will join
 The chorus of our song :
 We love the clear, &c.

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